

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear in San Francisco, as did all the mornings of our stay. The night's rest, the fresh invigorating air of the morning, the bright sunshine, and a good breakfast prepared physically for the enjoyments of the day, and a quiet talk with God and a portion of His word prepared us spiritually. At ten o'clock we went to the Congregational church. Street cars and churches were crowded all over the city. In the church which we attended an overflow meeting was held in the Sunday-school rooms below, and between the songs of our own service, the music would come floating to us from below as a sweet echo. The church was beautifully decorated with palms, poppies, etc., also C. E. flags in convention colors. We listened to a most excellent sermon by Rev. Nehemiah Boynton of Detroit, Michigan, on the Kingdom of God as within us. There were beautiful thoughts, beautiful language, beautiful imagery, and yet a plain, practical sermon full of common sense, rich truths, and satisfying spiritual food. Services ended, we went straight to the C. E. auditorium, and found already a crowd waiting for entrance. Someone started a C. E. hymn, and soon the street resounded with the voice of praise. Then a gentleman addressed the waiting crowd, and in the midst of the recital of a little incident of interest on his trip to the convention, the doors opened, and somewhat like "The water comes down at Lodore" we hurried thro the halls into the auditorium. The afternoon meeting was held in the interest of the Lord's Day, and after praise service, and devotional exercises, Miss Matilda Kay of New York City gave an address on "Woman's Part," in which she gave the women of that audience, especially the mothers, much material for serious thought. There is so much more tendency, and so many more temptations to the boys to desecrate the Sabbath than the girls. Are we as mothers and sisters doing our part to make the home and its associations more attraction than the loafing places about the town? Are we trying to make the church service and the Sunday-school so bright and attractive, that the boys will not prefer to go fishing and hunting?

Rev. W. H. G. Temple of Seattle, Wash., then gave an address on "Modern Forms of Sabbath Desecration," after which followed a pleasant diversion. One of the side doors opened, and about sixteen uniformed policeman walked in in single file. As soon as the first one entered, the audience gave the Chautauqua salute, which continued until all had taken their places on the platform. Then these men, young, strong, manly, noble in ap-

pearance, sang in a most touching and earnest manner, "Throw out the Life-Line." Again the salute was given, the singers were encored and they favored us with another song, after which they passed out, leaving upon our hearts a very pleasing impression, and a stronger desire to "Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men." Rev. Josiah Strong, well known to our Missionary Reading Circle as the author of "Our Country," then addressed the vast audience on "The Civil Sabbath." He was followed by Rev. Robert Johnston of London, Ontario, on "The Claims of God,—Keep it Holy." It was then after four o'clock, and we went from the auditorium to the restaurant for our dinner. In the evening we attended Simpson Memorial Church where we listened to an able sermon, but were physically too tired to appreciate it at its true worth.

On Monday morning, we took the car at an early hour, and went to see the "golden gate," Cliff House, etc. Arriving at the end of the car line, we walked first thro the Sutro Park, passed the Sutro residence, admiring the flowers, statuary and trees. From there we passed on to the Cliff House, a beautiful structure, built partly upon the land and partly upon the water. A wide veranda, to each story extends around the entire building closed on all sides except the east, but containing many windows from which to view the beautiful Pacific. And what a view! No one but those who have stood and looked upon its majestic waters, can understand and appreciate the feeling of awe, wonder and admiration that filled our hearts as we stood there, listening to the waves gently dashing against the building below us, watching them as at some places they dashed against the rocks, and were broken to pieces, and at other places rolling in upon the sandy beach and then gently and slowly receding. Groups of children were playing upon the sand, gleefully laughing and shouting as the waves rolled in upon their barefeet. Happy, merry childhood! We almost felt like praying

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!"

As we looked out upon the blue waters of majestic ocean, our thoughts and our hearts involuntarily turned to Him "who framed the heavens and the earth, and laid the pillars of the mighty deep," who controls the winds and the waves, and holds even the waters of the ocean in the hollow of His hand. As we watched the resistless power of the waves, our thoughts went back to a stormy scene on Galilee, when the winds were raging, the waves tossing high, a little ship of trembling dis-

ciples was rocking helplessly upon the waters, and then One mightier than the tempest spake, "Peace, be still," and lo! a hush, a calm, for "all power is given Him in heaven and in earth." And we knew that, were it called for that same voice could so hush the restless waters of the Pacific into quiet that not even a ripple should disturb its vast surface.

From the Cliff House we viewed also the great seal rocks, and enjoyed not a little watching the seals playing or lazily sleeping. Some of them were named; one of them was Grover Cleveland from his mammoth size, one was Ruthie Cleveland and another Ben Butler. Long before we were tired of the ocean, we turned our backs upon it, took the car again and visited Chinatown. Of course every one who visits San Francisco wants to visit Chinatown for the novelty of it. The Chinamen with their long cues, the women with their smooth waxed hair, their odd customs, their small slippered feet, the chubby faced little folks, were all objects of interest and curiosity. We visited a number of stores, and saw many things of interest as well as beauty and artistic taste. With so much to choose from, it was hard to decide what to purchase, but finally we all satisfied ourselves. One thing that impressed us was the energy and activity of the salesmen, and their great anxiety to make sales. And what odd names! We made our purchases of Wing and Fat Co.

Tired at last of sight-seeing, we turned our faces homeward, glad to spend the evening quietly. We had yet four days to spend in San Francisco, and vicinity, and we dared not use all our strength in one day. In my next I shall tell you of the events and pleasures of the next few days, and then of the return trip across the continent.

Mapleville, Md.

Did you ever know a person who was fond of collecting four-leaf clovers? If so, you doubtless have marvelled at the great number he could find. Most persons have never found even one, and yet this man picks them from every cloverfield he enters. Why is this? Is it because his eyes are better, or that there are more four-leaf clovers in the fields he treads? Not so; the secret is that he is constantly on the lookout for them. He finds because he seeks. So it is with opportunities; they are all about us every day, but we see them not, because we are not watchful for them. "Seek and ye shall find."

God's prophet need not be concerned about the speed of his tongue. The very silence of a truth-filled preacher has broken sinful hearts.